The merry Countrey MAIDS ANSWER

To the Countrey Lovers Conqueſt:

Exactly a deſcription ſhe doth make
And gets it Printed for her Sweet-hearts ſake
Of all his Courting Complements and Lyes,
His proper perſon, and his qualities
The match is half made up, you'l ſay good ſirs,
For ſhe hath his good will, he wanteth hers.

The Tune is, Once I Lov'd a Laſs with a Rowling Eye.

ONce I knew a Lad
with a brazen face
His Carriage was ſo bad
When he did me chalenge
That I could not love him,
had he bags of Gold
Money ſhall not tempt me.
I will not be ſold'n,
I could not endure him
truth I do not mock,
'Cauſe that in his Cradle
he received a knock.

You heard how this Lubber
began to Complement,
Though maids did on him frown,
he gave himſelf content.
He was mighty gallant
being Clothed in Gray
He thought no girle in the Nation,
ere would ſay him nay
But this is my humour,
ſince that maids may Choose
I ſcorn ſuch filly fellows,
ere ſhould wipe my ſhoes.

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The Second Part: to the same Tune.

THis same simple fellow
was void of wit or grace,
Made bold attempt,
and stair'd me in the face:
He made no other question,
but I were his own,
As by these following verses
to you shall be shown.
To this height and bigness
he could Crack and lie,
Yet our selves can witness
he were scarce Hog high.

Of his house and land,
he would brag and boast,
If it was worth twenty pound,
I'me sure that was the most:
Like wise of his Cattle
he did often prate.
His tongue went pittie prattie,
to get him a mate.
His case I never pity'd,
cause his means were small:
Besides he was half witted
which was worst of all.

Sarah said he danc'd,
just like to a Clown.
Nan did vow and swear,
the boyes would put him down.
Doll and Sue and Prudence
could not him abide,
Though Frank smil'd upon him
she did him deride.
He was such a fellow,
when he danc'd a Jig
He kick'd like Punchanello
or a sucking Pig.

The space of half an hour
this Lobcock he did prate,
I had no other power
but lay him e're the pate,
When he understood
I could not him abide,
He in a sullen mood
then flate him down and Cri'd.
Quoth his foolish mother,
why art thou so slack,
Does again go toy her,
clapping him o'th back.

Then undaunted by,
without wit or fear,
He to my face did say
that I must be his dear.
Although I did slave him,
he was imprudent,
In truth I would not have him
if he owned Kent.
Thus he was deceived
as you plainly see,
Cause our Resolutions,
could not well agree.

He need not Leap for joy,
of any thing he gain'd.
Not made the Wo lo to know
a Wife he had obtained
For rather then I'le marry,
such a Clownish Jack
I'l buy a witty fellow,
Cloaths to put on's back
Though some fools have Fortune
this we daily see
And doth Conquer many,
None shall conquer me

FINIS.

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